

THE TEMPEST,
(BALLAD)

Poetry by

James T. Fields, Esq.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

CAPT. C. H. JUDKINS,

OF THE STEAMER HIBERNIA

BY

NATHAN BARKER.

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON *Printed and Published by* *15 Washington St.*

J. L. COULD
Philadelphia

C. C. CLAPP
Boston

A. A. ADEY
Syracuse

D. A. TRUAX
New York

T. S. BERRY
New York



THE TEMPEST.

BALLAD.

Poetry by JAMES T. FIELDS Esq.

Music by NATHAN BARKER.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

Tremolo.
p
ff

ff
p cres:

cres:
ff

2d. VERSE. *4* So we shuddered there in silence,— For the

We were crowded in the cabin, Not a

stout - est held his breath, While the an - gry sea was

soul would dare to sleep. — It was midnight on the

roaring, And the break - ers talked with death. And as

waters, And a storm was on the deep. 'Tis a

thus we sat in darkness, Each one busy in his

fear - ful thing in winter To be shattered by the

prayer, — "We are lost!" the captain shouted, As he
blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet Thunder,

staggered down the stairs. "We are lost!" the captain
"Cut a - way the mast!" And to hear the rattling

shouted, As he staggered down the stairs.
trumpet Thunder, "Cut a - way the mast!"

Repeat to *Ad lib.* for 2d. verse.

VERSE.

But his little daughter whispered, As she took his i cy

hand, "Is n't God upon the o - cean, Just the

same as on the land!" Then we kissed the little

maiden, And we spoke in better cheer, And we

anchored safe in harbor When the morn was shin ing

clear. And we anchored safe in harbor When the

ad lib:
morn was shin ing clear.

ad lib:

